

## POETRY

**Friendly Words.**  
BY MAT LINWOOD.  
Reader—thou and I are planners,  
In the sweetest land of Time;  
Day by day the grain is ripening  
For a sunnier clime.  
Whether in the early morning,  
Going forth with busy feet,  
Or as weary laborers, reeling  
Mid the noon-day heat.

Let us strive with cheerful spirits,  
Each our duty to fulfil,  
Till the time of harvest—subject  
To the Master's voice—  
Let us garner up sweet memories,  
Borne with this of love,  
Precious thoughts to cheer the pathway  
To our home above—  
Trusting that these precious gleanings,  
May be sowing for the future,  
May in golden sheaves be gathered,  
To the spirit land—

**SELECT VARIETY**

**GAUDLE LECTURES AT HOME—No. 2**

"On my word, Gaudle, this is 'too bad; a pretty time to come to bed, you 'had' better 'not' come."

"Answer your wife; you ought to have some feeling for those belonging to you," at home. "What's the use in sitting up so late—that's my business—I don't care to scolding so, Caudle; I'll never let the girls sit up for you: so, there's an end to it. Here, it's now past twelve o'clock; and you coming into my chamber—and whistling, too, in the presence of your wife instead of coming home at a good hour!" This comes of your going to coffee-houses and running after that pretty Mrs. Peter-

mean plain enough. With your coffee-house acquaintances, Snobs, who ain't worth a button and this pretty Mrs. Peter Tompkins, you will come to my life! *What will it cost? What a man you are!*—you are always exciting my nerves. And only to-day, I ruptured a blood-vessel, and Mrs. Smith says it's a dangerous disease and all come from sitting up for you! *Why do I sit up?* A pretty question for a husband to ask! I believe you'd be glad if I bled to death. It will do you good, Mrs.

lead, to let it out. Now, Caudle, I'll sit up in bed if I choose; I'll not go to sleep; and you, torment me so! No, I'll not! And you didn't want me to sit up! That's your thanks; that's just you! Caudle! Well, if I'm to be treated in this way, you won't have a wife long, 'to sit up for you!—no, you won't, Caudle! Then, I suppose, if you can kill Mr. Peter Tompkins, we'll know who will sit up for you! It's too bad for one of the Jennings to be treated as I have been. When I think of what you

And what you're now, I should hope all women are not imposed on as I have been. No indeed, I know they ain't! Going out—yes going out every night—I'd think you had better become a batchelor? What! Is that the way you answer your wife? I don't often speak, tho' I have enough to make me complain. Yet I don't complain often. There isn't any one who knows what I're to put up with—it's enough to kill me. Yes

me, I know you would. As if it wasn't tormenting enough your running after Mr. Peter Tompkins, you must meet your club cronies at the Coffee houses. Don't tell me Candle, you haven't been there since Saturday night—Yes I know you have. You are selfish and mean. You can go and spend your money—eating oyster nippers—and candied end nuts—and never bring home so much as a piece of candy or anything for your wife and children. Don't tell me you bought the oysters and

me. I'll drive you mad will I? Well I'll like to see the difference between you and a madman! I would, Mr. Caudle. What did you say about your wife! Just as if she was a bargain you would like to dispense with. If you say that again Mr. Caudle, my name is not Jemima if I don't get up. Yes I will, Mr. Caudle. I'll not have an insult thrown in my face. It's too bad—Well it was something like that. A pretty speech for a husband, isn't it? Caudle (angrily)—This and

**An Imposter.** There is a grey headed, venerable looking Man, roaming up and down the country, and occasionally making his appearance in an out-of-the-way-corner of our country exchange papers, under the title of "Let-well-enough-alone." We suppose it to be our duty to expose him. He is no better than a vulgar impostor. He is a twin brother of

well known. "Enough is as good as a feast," is the motto of the man to whom Chas. Lamb once ascribedly denounced "a vile cold-scrag-of-mutton-sophism." "I don't want to do with him," he said. "Don't trust him. Don't harbor him. And above all, don't let him come into your house, or take him into partnership with you, or let him have any share in your business, or he will assuredly ruin them both." Besides he is a public offender. He took charge of the Enlargement of the Erie Canal last spring, and he has never shovelled a spade full from it.

"Never mind—that'll do" is the comment with which many a botched and bungled piece of work is dismissed into perpetual existence. It is such a thing. It won't do. Nothing will do, unless it is done right if it can be done better.

"That'll do." Do what? Infinite mischief you and yours, if you don't prevent it while you can.

Suppose your butcher sent you home your beef

would grumble. "Suppose your wife's dress makes  
oblivious of the latest style, out her new muslim  
laine on the "let-well-enough-alone" fashion  
last year—how she would scold. Suppose your  
doctor half-cured of half-killed you, and th  
blandly told his leave, saying he, "thought t  
would do" how you would growl.

Suppose Creation started on that principle a  
stopped short on the evening of the first day  
and said to the sun, "Suppose the sun st

Instead of "Excelsoior" was "That'll do?"—sup-  
 enterprising community we should be. What  
 we got up our "Local Items" on that principle  
 how you would stop your paper. Suppose you  
 paid your bill for it in that way—perhaps you  
 do, though; so we'll say no more about it.  
 "That'll do" is the father of all the wooden  
 names, false reports, galvanised wretches, and  
 starved beggars that ever were invented. It is

The duties of life are intricate and hard to understand. The man who endeavors to understand and to perform them, is the truly good man.